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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Voice of the Rain

And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain.
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed, and yet the same,
I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;
And forever, by day and night, I give back
Life to my own origin, and make pure and beautify it.
For song, issuing from its birthplace, after fulfilment, wandering,
Reck'd or unreck'd duly with love returns.

—*Walt Whitman.*

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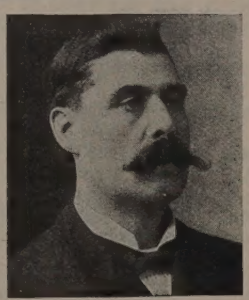

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906 NUMBER 24

He maketh peace in his high places.
* * * * *
He stretcheth out the north over empty space,
And hangeth the earth upon nothing.
He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds;
And the cloud is not rent under them.
He closeth in the face of his throne,
And spreadeth his cloud upon it.
He hath described a boundary upon the face of the waters,
Unto the confines of light and darkness.
* * * * *
Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways;
And how small a whisper do we hear of him!
—*From the Book of Job.*

Our Annual Educational Number will appear the last of August. Several articles of special interest to educators, and to those considering the advantages and limits of educational courses, will greatly enhance the value of this number of UNITY.

The Rev. Dr. Hodges, dean of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, in his article on "Religious Life in American Colleges" in the August *Outlook* reports "an increasing interest in the study of the Bible in our colleges," an "increased attention on the part of the authorities to the details of chapel service, and the marked activity of religious and philanthropic societies." His conclusion is that the "heart of the American college beats true to the heart of the Christian gospel." But evidently there is something more to be desired among undergraduates, where a Wellesley girl said that "Galilee was named for Galileo, who wrote a description of the country," while a Stanford girl said that "Dorcas was the man who succedeed Judas as the twelfth apostle," and a Radcliffe girl wanted to know "what the Ten Commandments were which she found alluded to so often in the Canterbury Tales." It was hardly gallant in the gracious Dean to tell all these stories on the girls without matching them with equally suggestive tales on the boys.

Prof. L. E. Bailey, the farmer-prophet, or, rather, the prophet of farming at Cornell University, having given at another time the reasons which 155 college students gave for leaving the farm, now in the August *Century* gives the reasons why sixty-eight city-bred students turn to the land. We commend this article to college students with the hope that it will lead many other students who are not now looking towards the country to give it a thought. All the reasons offered are pertinent, but our heart goes out to the boy who turns to the farm on account of the desire to "raise a family where his influence will be the dominant one," and because of "the false standards set up in modern society, viz., hurry, worry, and selfishness;" lastly, because of "the great opportunity offered to the man of skill." Boys, look towards the farm, not the big one, but the small one. It will never bring you riches, but it cannot fail to give you a living and by the time you need it a modest competency, if you will take your training along with you and if the college has not multiplied your needs faster than your efficiencies.

It is a belated item of news but still a timely contribution to religious thought—the announcement that at the June meeting of the Ramsay County Sunday School Association in Minnesota (if we mistake not, Ramsay county is the county of St. Paul), in organizing, the word "evangelical" was incorporated in the name. Our editorial colleague, the Rev. Mr. Boynton, of Unity Church, St. Paul, moved the striking out of the word "evangelical," and Professor Olsen, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, sustained the amendment. In the discussion it transpired that the word "evangelical" was to be interpreted so as to exclude Universalists and Unitarians. The amendment was defeated, but by a close vote, and many delegates were reported as not voting at all. This is clearly a great victory for the liberal side. When the undecided will have time to think and the timid grow into more courage, it will welcome diversity, fear only the apathy born out of monotony. The distance from uniformity in matters of religion to mental stupidity and spiritual stolidity is a very short one.

The *Literary Digest* for July 28 contains a translation from a German paper purporting to fathom the mystery of the European educated horse, "clever Hans," whose fame as a speller and mathematician has crossed the ocean. But "Hans" has been matched by "Jim Key," the Tennessee horse, "Bozzie," the Chicago dog, and many others. The German committee tried to trace "Hans'" skill to certain subtle interpretations of almost imperceptible muscular or nervous action on the part of the teacher. But this seems to us a more attenuated and less satisfactory theory than the plain, direct action of mind over mind, thought transference, with which psychologists are very familiar, inside of human boundaries. When the adequate amount of study is given in the right direction it may appear that the influence of the human mind over that of animals with which it comes into sympathetic relations is more extensive and more provable than the influence of one human mind upon another. The conspicuous cases of Hans, Jim Key and Bozzie are not

exceptional. All over the world today submissive horses tutored by kind hands respond unbidden to the dominant will of the master whom it is glad to serve. This or something like it is the line of thought and investigation that is to establish beyond peradventure not only the brotherhood of man, but the brotherhood of all sentient beings, the kinship of the creature world.

Charities for July 28 publishes the creed of the Anti-Child Slavery League, which deserves the support of every reader of UNITY. It runs as follows:

I.—We believe in the right of every child to health and education.

II.—We believe that child labor interferes with that right.

III.—We believe that child labor is in itself cruel and wasteful; that it is mentally, morally and physically injurious to the child, and that it is a distinct menace to the nation.

IV.—We believe that no child under fourteen should work in a factory, workshop, mercantile house, store, office, hotel or apartment house, in any place of public amusement, or should be employed in making, preparing or distributing articles of sale or commerce at home or in any place in the nature of a factory, worshop or mercantile establishment.

V.—We believe that no child between fourteen and sixteen should be permitted to work under the condition specified unless the child can read fluently and write legibly simple sentences in the English language.

VI.—We believe that no child under sixteen should be employed between the hours of 7 p. m. and 7 a. m. or longer than eight hours in any twenty-four hours, or longer than forty-eight hours a week.

VII.—We believe that no child under sixteen should be employed in occupations dangerous to life, limb, health or morals.

VIII.—We believe in the establishment of a permanent children's bureau, to be conducted by the national government, for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon general conditions directly involving the welfare of children, especially all matters connected with child labor.

IX.—We believe that uniform laws against child labor should be enacted without delay in every state, territory or colonial possession of the United States.

The *Outlook* for July 28 carries on its outer cover the title of "The August Outlook." It is thus that this enterprising journal aspires to the emoluments and honors that belong both to a weekly and a monthly. The frontispiece is a bas relief placque of Dr. Eliot, president of Harvard University, of great beauty, and the table of contents is such as may do honor to this honorable representative of education. "College Fraternities," "Educational Progress," "Religious Life in American Colleges," and an article on "A Western College and Its Ideals," are among the educational contributions. Not the least interesting educational material in this number are the advertising pages. It is instructive to see how many schools there are in the second and third rank of notoriety, each one of which holds the post of honor in the affections and devotions of its own constituency. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, may well stand in the forefront of the battle line against ignorance, superstition and dogmatism, but they are well backed by the long line of state institutions, constantly increasing in dignity and efficiency, and these by the still longer line of state normal schools, public high schools, and the private academies, boarding and family schools that fill in the cracks and make up the American provision for all kinds, grades and needs complete. How much good work is being done in America on these lines only a statistical student can appreciate. The bulletin of the University of Missouri is before us. But few of our readers will be able to locate it without help, and when located on the map, Columbia and Rolla still present no picture to the mind. But this university represents thirty buildings and an annual expenditure of $510,000; the whole plant is estimated at $2,000,000. It boasts of a $70,000 gymnasium; thirty men give their entire time to investigation and instruction in the college of agriculture. The work at the agricultural experiment station is reported to be investigations into soil fertility, rotation of crops, the most economic method of beef and pork production, dairying and dairy feeding, animal diseases, improvement of fruits and vegetables, etc., etc. We call attention to these incidental facts, not for the purpose of advertising the University of Missouri, though happy is the boy or girl whose affections may be turned hitherward, but for the purpose of reënforcing our waning faith in democracy and reassuring the belief that, political pulls, machines, frauds and treachery notwithstanding, the American republic is sound at the core; democracy is still trutstworthy; the Union is safe, and humanity is climbing upward.

Tower Hill Letter No. 4

Gerald Stanley Lee, in "The Lost Art of Reading," naively characterizes the half-hour or so that the wise man snatches from the storm and stress of things each day for the quiet reflection that raises him above them as "keeping office hours with one's soul." I like the expression, for the suggestion of serious business between ourselves and these souls of ours—relations which the sane of all the centuries have not been slow in calling our chief concern in life. But Apollo, serving Admetus, finds little time for such conferences, and so the pathos grows. Instead of the poise and steadiness of one who has come generally into the possession of his own—the calm at the soul of things—we find ourselves restless, strained and tired, heaping higher every day the sacrifices to the "Goddess of 'getting in.'" Hence the necessity for a vacation such as Tower Hill people are spending amidst the quiet and beauty of these Wisconsin hills. One has time here for some inward journeyings as he lies lazily beneath the trees or tramps the country roads. He can straighten our souls' tangled accounts, resolve upon some more "spending for vast returns," and perhaps lay up enough reserve strength to save him in the coming days from the terror of that tragedy of tragedies, "Beautiful Faith Surrendering to Time," when the monotony of things as they are once more lays hold upon him.

Now, while it is true, I fancy, that to a man who is large enough, one who has trained himself in the habit of falling back upon great thoughts for his soul's good, all places are alike; to those of us who are still new to the custom, the quiet of the country is of infinite help. Someway, the half gods don't like it, and when they go, you know, "the Gods arrive." Whitman tells us that he felt himself a larger man when he was out of doors; so with most of us, perhaps. Thus, even though we may put our larger selves back out of sight when we are once more in the world of active work, it is quite worth while to

come so enamored of it that when he returns to the world he will extend the "office hours" a little.

Tower Hill means, too, an opportunity for hanging more beautiful pictures in one's mental gallery—of making additions to his store of inward riches. When he leaves the place he has exquisite bits of hill and sky to remember; seen under their varying aspects; stimulating thoughts from a few good books which someway sink in more deeply as one reads them under the sky; helpful intercourse with men and women who are worth while, people who are living practically for the same great ends that you are working toward, some of whom will take their places in your mind as members of that great Whitman galaxy of comrades whose presence the poet felt as a vital force, though independent of space or time—companions who never failed to "understand"—all these things one likes to have in mind to "remember in the night." And I know no better way than the constant accumulation through a long life of such scenes and experiences to reach Henley's ideal of a beautiful old age when there shall indeed be "in my heart a late lark singing."

Such has Tower Hill meant for a newcomer and such the story it has told. More and rarer secrets it doubtless has for its older lovers which it tells not to the profane. But of these you shall hear in later letters.

F. E. S.

In Wordsworth Land

(Continued from last week.)

Somewhere within the present limits of Rydal Park, a beautiful estate near the Wordsworth home, is the spot named for Mary in the poem "To M. H." The falls are exceedingly beautiful as you catch glimpses of them through the slender-leaved birches and other delicate foliage. For the rest,

> "This spot was made by Nature for herself;
> The travelers know it not, and 'twill remain
> Unknown to them; but it is beautiful;
> And if a man should plant his cottage near,
> Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,
> And blend its waters with his daily meal,
> He would so love it that in his death-hour
> Its image would survive among his thoughts."

Then there was the road to Ambleside—the Rydal road was a part of it—over which Dorothy so often "walked for the mail;" often hoping for, always fearing, both she and Wordsworth, news from Coleridge in the days of his illness and depression, with that nameless shuddering fear which neither of them ever dared put into words. This brooding sorrow seemed to be one of the darkest shadows of their lives. On this road is the "Wishing Gate"—the new one, on the spot where the old one stood. I went through it repeating

> "Hope rules a land forever green,"

and wishing I could remember the rest of the lines. Not far from this path is the "Glow-worm Rock," where the primroses grew—

> "So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
> Her annual funeral."

Primrose and glow-worm are gone, but the rock is there and Professor Knight says it is unmistakable. I wish I could say so as confidently.

Immediately overlooking Grasmere and Rydal Water are Silver Howe, an especial favorite with Dorothy, Nab Scar and Loughrigg Fell. Helm Crag, where the "Ancient Woman" sits; Seat Sandal, "loved by clouds," and Stone Arthur.

> "Of those our hills
> The last that parleys with the setting sun."

I have spent many hours in looking up and aspiring to the summits of these hills, and after many days my aspirations were in good part realized, for it was given me to walk over the tops of most of them and look down, if not upon the kingdoms of the world, at least upon as much of the beauty and glory of one kingdom as a heart can hold at one time. I celebrated the Fourth of July on Silver Howe, from whose brow I could see, like a map unrolled before me, Grasmere and its twin lake, Rydal Water; Windermere, the Lord of English lakes—ten and a half miles long; Esthwaite Water, the scene of Wordsworth's skating in the Prelude; little Elterwater; Coniston Water, "with its one island," and Loughrigg Tarn, and billows on billows of blue mountains on every hand under an azure sky flecked with floating summer clouds. A few days later I looked upon the same scene and more from the top of Helvellyn, when by climbing I had won the poet's benediction, given "To ——, On her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn,"

> "Now take flight; inherit
> Alps or Andes—they are thine."
> * * * * * * *
> "For the power of hills is on thee
> As was witnessed in thine eye
> Then when old Helvellyn won thee
> To confess their majesty."

The mention of Helvellyn will doubtless recall to most readers Wordsworth's poem "Fidelity," referring to the death of a young man who was killed here by falling over a precipice and whose faithful dog kept guard over the body for three months, until discovered by a passing shepherd. Scott also wrote a poem commemorating the same pathetic incident.

The procession of wild flowers has been a daily pleasure and surprise, occasioned not more by the finding of new and strange faces than by the meeting with old friends so far from home. The hawthorn bloom was late this year and the hedges were like snowbanks when we first came upon them. The hillsides were golden with bloom. Buttercups and daisies have run riot in the grass all summer long, laughing at the farmers who are threatening them with extermination. They may not make good hay, but they do make a good bit of cheer under these gray British skies where a little home-grown sunshine is not to be despised. The daffodil, Wordsworth's own flower, was past its bloom, but primroses were still in flower in early June on sloping banks near rocky walls, by the roadside as well as in gardens. Roadside steeps in June were carpeted with "the little speedwell's darling blue," and the wild blue hyacinth grew so thick in many places that you could scarcely step without crushing its blossoms. A few days more and the prize of a walk was a stalk of the stately purple foxglove, now so abundant that it gives color to the woods and quickens one's pulse at every turn in the road. The ferns are luxuriant, growing everywhere—on the walls, on the trunks of living trees, over the lintels of humble doorways, and out of the very chimney-pots of cottages. I have found several of our own species—the "lady," the maiden-hair, the "cheerful polypody," the queenly osmunda, and once I stumbled over a Hart's Tongue, which I have been always hoping to find in Wisconsin. And the bracken, which covers many of the mountain sides and will begin to turn golden and brown for its October carnival, is our own sturdy brake.

Among the poets' birds, the cuckoo, the "wandering voice" "that made me look a thousand ways," was at first a disappointment, which has been more than mellowed by subsequent experience. My first specimen must have been either too young or too old or been endowed with a peculiarly rancous voice. Since then I have heard them day after day until I no longer wonder at the spell that "vagrant voice" has cast around so many of the poet kind. I have found it much harder to be reconciled to the throstle. He is like a robin with the excess of a robin's qualities. He is always on hand on all occasions, seeming to think no bird function can be properly managed without him. He has many beautiful notes, but, like the mocking-bird, he is a plagiarist of the first water, and whoever else may chance to be singing, he always sings a little louder and shriller. Indeed there seems to be no use of being a bird at all unless you happen to be hatched a throstle. Even the robin keeps in the background, for, though here, he sings little, at least in summer, saving his song, like the wise bird he is, for winter time when he is needed, and when, as Coleridge tells us,

> "The red-breast sits and sings
> Between the tufts of snow on the bare branch
> Of mossy apple-tree."

It is hay-time now and the breath of the valley is sweet. As I write I can see from my upper window over the hedge the top of a little cartload which drives by about every half-hour to fill the barns for the long winter. They must hurry, for sunshine is precarious. The sheep have been mowing the mountains all summer long, going up higher and higher as the lambs get stronger and better able to climb. And now the bracken on some of the mountain sides is getting mowed for "bedding," as there is little "corn" raised in this country.

The mountains are in many places disfigured or made picturesque, just as you choose to think, by the stone walls which, in many cases, run nearly or quite to the tops, in all sorts of go-as-you-please, higgeldy-piggeldy lines, many of the variations being of course due to topographical reasons, but others marking scenes in that now far-away medieval history sometimes remembered but more often forgotten, but which in these valleys seems to press so close upon the present. How cheap must have been the human life that was spent in laying those walls, to mark the little petty distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. And now the *meum* and *tuum* have mostly vanished, and there the walls are in the way, after a thousand years of toil. But the stones had to be put somewhere, or there would have been no grass on the hillslopes, and no sheep to eat it. But I see no way of being reconciled to the destruction of the forests, most of which were cut away hundreds of years ago, leaving the hillsides bare except for the grass, bracken and heather, and now and then a pathetic "plantation" of larch or fir, which only serves to emphasize the bareness.

You will have discovered, if you have had patience to come so far, that I am finding it hard to stop writing. I wanted to tell of Kirkstone Pass and Brotherswater, of Hawkshead, where little Wordsworth was sent when eight years old to prepare for Cambridge, and of the falls "where the water comes down at Lodore," and most of all of Ullswater and the bay where the daffodils grew, when

> "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

I know now what is the queerest thing I ever saw or ever shall see. It is Hawkshead village, with its helter-skelter streets and its dear old white-washed houses with "overhangs" from one to another—those little second-story connections without any first stories under them, built away back in wool-spinning times to dry the yarn under. The children and even the women came out on the street to wonder at my wonder, for how else would you build a house? and tourists are fortunately still scarce in Hawkshead. But no one wonders when I stand in quiet reverence before Anne Tyson's crumbling cottage, where Wordsworth grew from eight to sixteen and where the poet was well begun in that "fair seed-time of the soul."

But I told you I knew where the daffodils grew. And so I do, for I walked all along the shore beyond Gowbarrow Park, where Dorothy Wordsworth says they grew, so I must have seen the very place. This is the way she tells it: "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along, there are more, and yet more; and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake." Is not this delicious? Who could help being a poet with such a companion to help him?

I wanted, too, to tell you of Coniston, where I spent a precious half-day in the Ruskin Museum, where a great number of his early, painstaking drawings and notes are collected, besides many personal relics, including the Bible from which his mother taught him; and of the village churchyard where he lies at rest under his Runic cross, with Susanna Beever by his side; was she not his "dear old Susie," of *Hortus Inclusus?* and of the Ruskin Linen Industry in Keswick and the Keswick Industrial School where twenty men who began a few years ago by giving their evenings to training after a long day's work in the quarries are now regularly employed at wood-carving and hand metal-work, fashioning forms to please the mind and delight the eye.

But this letter is already too long. Then, too, the mist is lifting from the mountains, and perhaps if I stop in time I may see one more sunset before I leave. We have neither sunrise nor set in this narrow vale. They must be won by climbing. The sun rises this morning—and the longest day is three weeks past—at fifty-seven minutes past three—too early to reach except by strenuous sacrifice, but does not set until eight o'clock and thirty-two minutes, which will give even a poor pedestrian time to get there by starting in tolerable season. And now I must away to the north to try for a glimpse of the Lady of the Lake and a note of the Last Minstrel.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Keswick, England, July 16, 1906.

A friend may often be found and lost, but an *old friend* can never be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Not until you make men self-reliant, intelligent, and fond of struggle—fonder of struggle than of help—not till then have you relieved poverty.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, OF FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER VI.

STORIES OF ARMY LIFE.

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay;
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art or hast today."

Such must have been the call that came to Mother Bickerdyke in those early days of war when first the heart-breaking stories of suffering, sickness and privation came back from the front where the brave boys in blue were offering their all at Freedom's shrine. She loved her home and her children as tenderly as mothers ever loved them. She had felt a double duty laid upon her for the care and guidance of her children since the death of her husband left her their only protector. She loved the quiet home and home life. It's "sweet, safe corners" were dear to her, as they are to all women, and she had planned her work there. But the winds of the South brought voices to her stronger even than the voices of her children, the hands of the sick and wounded, stretched out in mute appeal, drew her with irresistible force, and for them, that she might answer to their need, might bind up their wounds and give aid and comfort where it was so sorely needed, she put aside the clinging hands of her little ones and went resolutely forth to the larger duty—the greater need. But let no one think this was easy for her or belittle the sacrifice she made. Though she did not think of self, she did think of her children and what this breaking up of the home and mother's absence would mean to them. Their pleading cries rang in her ears, their hands clung to her as only childish hands can cling, but with a strength and heroism as grand as ever shown on the battlefield she put them aside and turned southward. Once, when we were speaking of this, she said: "It was hard, very hard, to leave my home and children, but the way opened for me, the work seemed to come to me to be done, and God gave me strength to do it." Was it any wonder that, working in this spirit, she was indomitable? That she never met defeat and knew not failure? It was such sentences as these that gave me insight into her character and taught me unerringly of the great mother-heart that animated her. One of my friends once said to me of her: "She opens her heart to you as she seldom does to anyone," and she herself said the same. "It's so easy to tell you things," she said. Why, I do not know, I only know I came from her presence always with a feeling that I had walked on holy ground and had received a new baptism for life's duties and joys."

A nation's growth is measured by the heart-throbs of its people, by their heroic deeds, their achievements and aspirations, but still more truly by the lives of the common people, those whom Lincoln said "God must have loved or he would not have made so many of them"—but their

"Plain truth to manhood
And to God's supreme design."

Knowing this, I love to think what an uplift to home and national life was given by Mother Bickerdyke's life and by each one who lives and serves as she did. One life, though it be ever so true and beautiful, seems but as a tiny drop in the great ocean of life, and yet it has its mighty influence for all time—for eternity.

Mother Bickerdyke took responsibilities upon herself as freely as those of a different make would have shunned them. She never seemed happier than when work was piled about her "mountain high." This was a challenge to her to do her best, and she accepted it with cheerful courage and great good will, nor gave herself rest or pause until she had accomplished her purpose. Her mind moved quickly and its grasp seemed almost marvelous at times. It was as if she saw the end from the beginning and felt the thing that should be ever beating beneath the thing that was. Her comprehension of a situation was instant. She saw at once what was lacking and the way to supply it. She aimed high; realizing

"Not failure, but low aim is crime"—

and went straight and true to her mark. She did not overestimate her ability, but knew herself even as she knew others, and was as relentless and exacting of self as of others always. Her sympathy and help enlisted in any movement was at once a pledge and a promise of success. Her strong word went out over the deep waters of life and did not return unto her void. Her sublime faith in the right and the conquering might of right lay back of every act and lent to its success. Self was lost in the work before her, or how could she have done what she did? How else could she have gone into the pestilential hospitals at Fort Pickering, where the dread scourge of smallpox raged unchecked and the conditions had become so bad that no other help could be obtained? She did not hesitate for one moment, though, as Mrs. Livermore tells us, the place had become "fouler and more noisome than an Augean stable. But Mother Bickerdyke was just the Hercules to cleanse it. She raised such a storm about the ears of the officials whose neglect had caused its terrible condition as took the heads off of some of them." Though her time and her strength had seemed fully occupied before, she added this one more thing and went to the loathsome place with the same cheerfulness, the same undaunted courage that sustained her elsewhere. Surely the good angels must have shielded her—knowing our need of her and the great work still awaiting her doing.

Her reminiscent talk of her army life and work was always very entertaining. Though the boys in blue were her first care, she cared also for the boys in gray when they came in her way. The leaders in the rebellion—the "hot-heads" on either side who were quick to make occasion for war—she denounced, but never the private soldiers. Of the "rank and file" in the southern army she said, "They fought from duty and a love of home; for what seemed to them true patriotism, just as our boys did, and they needed the same care when they were sick and wounded. I could not pass them by unheeded." So the great mother-heart went out to them and her hands were ready in service to them also. She told interesting stories of the southern women who sometimes came into camp in quest of a relative or friend. One such, born and bred in luxury, with all her environment so different from that of a nothern woman that she could not imagine a lady would work as she saw Mother Bickerdyke working, was very haughty and could scarce bear to speak to the plain "Yankee woman," who, in telling me the story, said: "I was getting dinner for some of my sick boys. I knew this woman was hungry—as so many of the brave southern women were in those days—and I fixed some food on a tray and offered it to her. She drew herself up haughtily, disdaining to touch food prepared by a 'Yankee.' 'Very well, madame,' I said, 'but there it is; you can eat it or let it alone as you please. And, putting the tray down, I went on with my work. She had come to see her son, who, badly wounded, had been picked up and brought in with a lot of other poor fellows. Later, when she found I had cared for him just as I did for the others, ourselves to have had a glimpse at them, at any rate,

during these vacation days. One gets to know something of how it feels to be the large man or woman. Then there is the possibility always that we will be her pride and haughtiness gave way and she was the mother only. With tears running down her cheeks she came back to me, begging me to forgive her—poor soul! I'd nothing to forgive. I knew all about it. She thanked me over and over again, asked me if she might kiss me, and said, 'I did not know northern women were like you.' A little later she asked me for the food she had at first refused. 'I do want it,' she said, 'for I am hungry—hungry.' She came often to camp after that and we became good friends. I was almost as glad as she was when her boy was nicely convalescent and she could take him home with her. There were, of course, some subjects, of which we did not speak. Why should we speak of them? She was a southern woman and I a 'Yankee.' We could not see nor think alike. It is better to 'agree to disagree' in such cases I think."

This woman is but one of many southern women who had reason to thank the good old mother for her care of sons, husbands, fathers or brothers who were dear to them. It was the sufferer she served—not the northern or the southern man. If, after the pain had passed, she "spoke her mind" and tried to make those who listened to her feel the imperative need that there should be but one flag and one country, that North and South, though so different in their needs and resources, should be as true brothers—living in a spirit of loving kindness one with the other, that the blessed boon of liberty was for all alike—a gift of Nature and of Nature's God, that none might take away—if she taught them—the northern boy alike with the southern boy—that their heredity from God was great enough, and strong enough to overcome and make right whatever was wrong in their earthly inheritance, it was only because she was true to the best that was in her and would help all with whom her lines were cast to "gird on the full armor of manhood" and battle for the right—for the truth that is greater than country, transcending race or creed. Her's was akin to the Puritan conscience that must "bear witness for truth" at all times and in all places alike, yet so timely were her words, so pure her motive that she did not often give offense and neither did she speak in vain. I say her's was akin to the Puritan conscience, indeed so far that was a part of her inheritance. Her great-great-grandfather, on her mother's side, came over in the "Mayflower," while, on her father's side, was "the beautiful Mary Ball," mother of George Washington in direct line of descent. Many of her ancestors did valiant duty in the struggle for independence, and had their full share in the hardships and vicissitudes of the new country. Knowing this, remembering the sturdy strength and independence of the men and women of those days, help us to understand Mrs. Bickerdyke's character and to know why she could not "beat retreat." It was these qualities of heart and brain, descending through the long line of noble men and fair women, that helped to keep her

> —"forever up
> To the heroic level of the old time,"

and the grander heights of the new day, in which she had so great a part.

Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high!
Sits there no Judge in Heaven our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey.
Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try
If we, then, too, can be such men as He!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE PULPIT

The Tenement as a Social Problem

ADDRESS OF CHAS. B. BALL, SECRETARY CITY HOMES ASSOCIATION, BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION, TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1906.

Of all the great social problems which are incident to the growth of cities, none is more vital or complex than the problem of the Tenement House. The "evils worse than wars" that follow in endless train from bad housing of the people have so often been brought to notice by tongue and pen that it seems an almost vain effort to make a further statement either of the deplorable conditions or of the harmful effects which they produce.

That home environment bears a basic relation to numerous questions of dependence, disease and crime, is, however, more fully established in this twentieth century than ever before. This constitutes sufficient reason for giving renewed consideration to the tenement and re-presenting some well established facts in regard to its baneful influence.

We may properly include in this discussion, under the name of tenement, every multiple dwelling, not only the double-deckers and dumb-bells of New York, the tall houses of Boston, the converted dwellings and horizontal tenements of Philadelphia, the alley houses and dilapidated shacks of Washington, but all the other varied forms of congested and insanitary housing of which no type lacks its example in Chicago.

The House a Necessity of Civilization.—The recognized fundamentals of civilized life, which can only be supplied to man by his surroundings, are: (1) Air for breathing, (2) water for drinking and washing, (3) food for nourishment, and (4) a house and clothes for shelter. To this established formula the sanitarian of the present day rightly adds the requirements of (5) light for physical development, (6) a degree of freedom from noise, and (7) a suitable mental stimulus.

A dwelling which furnishes the necessary shelter but endangers the adequacy of the light and air supply, or threatens the purity of food or water is obviously and needlessly deficient in its appointed office.

The tent of the Arab, the tepee of the Indian, the igloo of the Esquimaux, or even the log cabin and sod house of the pioneer, although they imperfectly fulfilled the functions of a house, were by their very isolation freed from many dangers which attend the dwelling reared in a congested city.

Development of Congested City Districts.—Advancing civilization, with its multiplied activities and institutions, tends by the very social forces which it creates to centralize vast populations on limited areas. Recent statistics vividly impress us with the fact that in Rhode Island over four-fifths of the inhabitants live in cities; in Massachusetts three-fourths; in New York, with its large areas devoted to farming and fruit culture, more than two-thirds; while in our own State of Illinois, with its broad acres of agricultural lands and hundreds of town and village communities, even here nearly half of the population live and labor and die in cities.

Within the cities, as the process of growth continues, a differentiation of neighborhoods takes place. Factory and business districts are defined and residence areas for the well-to-do are circumscribed within fairly well marked limits.

But the unskilled laborer, the factory worker and the mechanic of the lower grades, controlled by the industrial necessity of seeking low rentals and living

within walking distance of his work, must dwell in a neglected, congested and otherwise undesirable locality.

The districts extending to the south and west of the Stock Yards, and the Eighty-fourth street neighborhood of the Illinois Steel Works, are the worst examples of a number which illustrate this tendency in Chicago.

The Congested Neighborhood.—If from some commanding place we overlook the houses of a city wilderness, its dreary aspect is the same, whether the city be New York, Boston or Chicago. We see an endless array of crowding roofs, an occasional church spire or factory rising above the general level, thousands of chimney tops, patches of brick wall, a few windows, slight evidences of street or alley space, and surprisingly little manifestation of human activity.

With the knowledge that the tragedies of human existence are being enacted between the level of the earth's surface and the sea of sheltering roofs, the mind is oppressed, yet fascinated, with the bleakness and unnaturalness of the outlook.

Beneath this desolate aspect the fact remains that human beings are housed 400 or more to an acre of ground. (This density is found in five wards in Chicago.)

If we attempt to walk about among the crowded dwellings, how *little ground* we find not covered with some kind of structure. Narrow passageways between houses, small yards, tenements extending from the street to the extreme rear line of the lot, all emphasize the excessive accumulation of buildings which prevails.

Occupation of Lots.—It was established by the Federal inquiry in 1894 that fewer people in the slums of Chicago have the use of yards than in either New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia, but it remained to be shown by the investigation of 1900, conducted by the City Homes Association, that 39 per cent of all the lots examined were covered, more than 60 per cent (the limit in most cities) with buildings, and that 17 per cent of all lots had more than 30 per cent of their surface covered. One hundred and forty-four lots were reported in which the area covered by dwellings varied from 90 to 100 per cent.

These extreme cases mean that the dwellings on such lots are subject to the manifold evils due to lack of light and air, and that they also interfere seriously with the same necessities for adjoining houses.

The Rear Houses.—The space congestion to which we have referred is largely due to the rear or alley tenement.

Studies made in England, as well as of New York conditions in 1894 and 1900, bear out the conclusion that sickness, epidemics and high death rates are more common in rear houses than in those which front upon the street. Insanitary exterior conditions and darkness of the rooms in such dwellings are aggravated in New York by the absence of alleys through the blocks, and in Philadelphia by the arrangement of rows of houses fronting upon narrow courts and touching each other back-to-back.

In 1900 Manhattan contained 2,124 rear tenements. The actual space between abutting back-to-back buildings in 186 cases was ten inches or less.

This narrow space in a large majority of examples becomes a place of deposit for garbage, refuse and filth, so that in summer the windows opening upon it allow the entrance of indescribable stenches. My own observation of the terrible odors and the darkness of the halls and rooms in such houses comes back as an appalling recollection.

In Chicago, owing to the usual system of alleys, the rear house, while less subject to deprivation of light and air, is exceedingly common. Of the 3,117 houses examined in 1900, 730, or 23.4 per cent, were rear houses, containing 6,545 people. One block was found in which 42 per cent of the homes were of this class. In one block 432 persons, including 221 children, live in houses fronting on a dirty alley.

The conditions which surround these alley tenements comprise, first, the alley itself, a depository of all kinds of refuse, having usually an unpaved surface, from which the garbage and filth cannot be wholly removed, even if this were attempted. Second, the rear yard or foul passageway, perhaps less noisome than the alley; and third, beneath or near the tenement, ill smelling toilets. Such environment as this, with little hope of escape from it, falls to the lot of thousands in our city.

Interior Conditions.—If we turn from the exterior conditions to those that prevail within the tenements we usually find small unclean rooms, insufficiently lighted, badly crowded, and filled with a stifling atmosphere.

One Room Apartments.—There is no parallel in this country to the terrible oppressiveness of the crowding of the people in the inner circle of London. Mr. Chas. Booth quotes the census results of 1901, which shows 149,524 families in that city living each in a single room.

The inhumanity of eating, sleeping, bearing children, nursing and rearing them, caring for the sick and the dying, all within the cramped limits of a single room, is hardly credible to those who have not seen it.

Compared with such appalling figures as I have stated the ten families (1.7 per cent) found so living in 1900 in Chicago in the 571 apartments which were classified appear of little moment, yet a thorough canvass of the whole city in this regard would be likely to discover not less than 300 such examples.

Crowding.—There is a like result in favor of Chicago when we consider the number of persons per room in the tenements. The stupendous total of 64,341 souls found living in London five or more in a room fortunately has no equal here, where the study of 1,114 apartments showed 9.5 per cent of them containing an average of more than two and one-half persons each.

Basement and Attic Rooms.—Cellars and garrets were once distinguished as the chosen abodes of poverty and disease. Although improvement in this regard is manifest, much to desire remains unrealized.

The flat roofed tenement of the eastern cities harbors no garret, but in Chicago the common sloping roof offers a constant temptation to utilize unsuitable attic space for living purposes. The extent to which this evil prevails has never been determined, but it would doubtless prove a fruitful field of inquiry. It is not generally known that the use of an attic for a kitchen is unlawful.

Basements offer to the sanitarian a kind of debatable ground. Some are light, well aired and protected from moisture and ground air, in which event they may, if these conditions are maintained, afford suitable habitations.

A Bad Basement.—In contrast to such basements let me describe an apartment of two rooms in which, in last January, lived a man and wife, two children and two sisters of the woman. The ceiling height was 6 ft. 8 in., not so very low. The two rooms were neither of them very small, perhaps 10 ft. by 14 ft. The living room was so dark that one could not, in

the brightest day, see to read in it, except within three or four feet of its only window. The bedroom had a window distant only 16 inches from the walls of the next house, and was so dark that nowhere in it could the outlines of a person be distinguished. The floor of this room was very damp and patches of it were rotted away. The baseboard was mouldy and fetid. Two of the walls to a height of four feet were dripping with moisture, yet in this room the six people slept, and possessing only one bedstead, two of them slept on bedding placed on the wet floor.

Remember that this was a basement, not extending more than a foot or two below the ground level. I believe that many basements not fit for human habitation can be found if search is made for them.

In hundreds of cases they are subject to the evils of darkness and dampness and pollution by the entrance of foul ground air.

Cellars.—The cellar differs from the basement in being wholly below the ground level. Such a situation, unreached by the sun, means an intensification of all the conditions just named.

The investigation of 1900 showed in a population of 45,643 whose dwellings were examined, 424 people living in 101 cellars. Doubtless other hundreds could be found if the entire city was canvassed.

Results.—From the investment in tenement houses such as we have considered, what dividends of crime, poverty, ill health and death may be expected to accrue? Does the city and the nation get a due return from such conditions of housing? Let us inquire of those whose opinions are recognized as authoritative as to the effect of the virus of the slum upon intemperance, sickness, mortality and morals.

Intemperance.—Dr. Norman Kerr, the eminent specialist on inebriety, says that "bad hygienic conditions, ill-ventilated and overcrowded dwellings, from the vitiated state of the air within them, occasion languor and sluggishness, which leads to functional derangement and produces a profound feeling of depression, which in many cases predisposes and excites to intemperance in alcohol."

Dependence.—The causes of dependence are not at present limited to subjective ones.

To quote the words of Robert Hunter: "Overcrowding, foul air, dark rooms and insanitary houses are handicaps in the competitive struggle which drags many families into a condition of degrading dependence. Bad housing conditions reduce industrial efficiency, promote exhaustion and weariness, and are potent causes in the growth of a large dependent class."

Dr. Edward T. Devine says: "The tenements, in their influence upon the physical well being of human beings, directly lessen productive power and so inevitably increase the number who are unable continuously to make a living."

Sickness.—It is, however, in sickness and death that the tenement house exacts its chief tribute from the people. Always and everywhere overcrowding, bad air, dark rooms and other insanitary conditions cause physical breakdown.

As long ago as 1850 the Committee on Public Hygiene of the American Medical Association reported that "the health of any city depends, in no small degree, upon the distribution of the inhabitants over an area of sufficient extent to admit of the free ventilation of every dwelling.

The intimacy of the people in these dwellings makes the spread of communicable diseases, such as tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, most difficult of prevention.

Let me read the statement made by Dr. S. A. Knopf, of New York, regarding the relation of the tenement to the dread contagion consumption: "If I should be asked what conditions are most conducive to the propagation of tuberculosis I would have to reply, the conditions that prevail in the old-fashioned tenement houses as they still exist by the thousand in this and other large cities.

"These dwellings with their bad air, darkness and filth, make a cure of the disease impossible and a lingering death for all those infected with the germ a certainty."

No stronger general statement of the effect of bad conditions on health has ever been made than formulated in New York in 1864, in the report of the Council of Hygiene in these words: "Reason should have taught every person, however uneducated, that filth, overcrowding, bad drainage, excessive humidity, imperfect supply of air and sunlight, neglect of excrementatious and decaying material, and the putrid exhalations from sinks, sewers, gutters and dirty streets will both produce and perpetuate disease; and that whatever sickness occurs in such localities will be more virulent and destructive than the same maladies occurring in places where such conditions do not prevail."

Moral Effects.—Turning from the dark physical side of the picture to the still darker moral effects of bad housing, let us first listen to the indictment of the tenement house as an incubator of crime, written in 1866 by Dr. Elisha Harris: "The younger criminals seem to come almost exclusively from the worst tenement house districts. Those places and domiciles, and all that are like them, are today nurseries of crime and of the vices and disorderly courses which lead to crime. By far the largest part, 80 per cent at least, of the crime against property and against the person are perpetuated by individuals who have either lost connection with home life or never had any, or whose homes have ceased to be sufficiently separate, decent and desirable to afford what are regarded as ordinary wholesome influences of home and family."

Dr. Frederick H. Wines is of a like opinion. "Insanitary conditions, especially in the most crowded centers of population, are a cause of crime, because they weaken the vitality of those who might otherwise successfully contend against these criminal tendencies."

Dr. Graham Taylor recently wrote, "Bad housing deteriorates good people." Let us add that bad housing is even more pronounced and rapid in its deterioration of those who already have evil tendencies.

Dr. E. R. L. Gould has stated the steps of this deterioration. "Every member of the family from earliest childhood becomes a prey to those forces which drag down, a stranger to those which uplift. Unwholesome sights and sounds fix themselves in the memories of children ere infancy is really past. The exuberance of youth, finding no possibility of expression inside of the home, is poisoned by the philosophy of the streets. Boys, while yet of tender age, are introduced to viciousness and petty crime. Young girls from their earliest teens engage in an almost hopeless struggle for moral preservation. Mothers, instead of finding wifehood and motherhood the sweetest of all human relations, become oppressed to hopelessness, soured into ill feeling, or brutalized into a state of callous indifference. There is everywhere, in fact, a distinct lowering, if not an absolute loss, of moral tone. Death rates are after all but a feeble index to the drawbacks of congested tenement life. There is no death so sad as the death of virtue, the

breaking down of ideals, the deadening of lofty desire in the soul."

Remedial Efforts.—Having thus set forth some of the conditions which prevail and some of the effects produced, let us inquire what the earnest citizen ought to do.

He must not neglect the important question of the method of record of vital statistics. These should be so complete with regard to each house that the house itself may be held responsible for the disease and death which it produces.

He must bring to pass an honest and efficient administration out of the building department, so that new houses shall be constructed only in compliance with the ordinance. He must accomplish the trustworthy execution of the sanitary laws, so that cleanliness shall alike prevail on public and private property.

He must devise a method by which streets and alleys can be kept clean in the slum districts as surely as among the boulevards.

He must encourage the Board of Education to build school houses each of which shall be an object lesson in brightness and neatness to its surrounding neighborhood, and in which (to repeat the recent words of Judge Mack) "the present generation of children shall receive the training and education that will create a healthy dissatisfaction with crowded and unsanitary conditions."

"When," as Jacob Riis has said, "we are able to create ideals in the people of the slums, half the battle is won. We shall then be no longer striving for the people, but with them," and humanitarian sentiment shall overcome, in that glad day, the speculative greed which now makes traffic of the bodies and souls of men.

The need of unity and coöperation on the part of all uplifting social forces is well stated by Chas. Booth in the concluding volume of his great work on the "Life and Labor of the People of London," in these words: "What I would lay stress upon is that improvement for these people for themselves or in their homes, in their characters or mode of life, must be concurrent. To secure this, united action is needed, as well as patience, for success can only be attained by the linking together of every form of remedial effort, so that these may support and complement each other."

For Purity

An important conference of the National Purity Federation is announced to take place at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 9-11, 1906. The program contemplates discussion of principles and methods of all phases of this important subject. The list of speakers already secured include some of the most prominent men and women of America and at least one from Europe—Maria Lydia Winkler, Berlin, Germany, who represents three of the largest purity societies in that country.

The Federation is promoted by representative people from different parts of this country, with B. S. Steadwell, La Crosse, Wis., as president; Miss Kath. Bushnell, vice-president; and Sidney C. Kendall, of Long Beach, Cal., secretary.

THE AIM AND SCOPE OF THIS MOVEMENT.

There is an essentially world-wide, universal interest in this cause. It is not divided by sex, sect, party, race, or nationality.

I. It stands, first, for the purity, safety, deliverance; the very salvation of all men and all women—the world over. It is not primarily a call to battle against iniquity. It is this, incidentally and necessarily, but it is first a gospel of redemption, proclaiming that the world may be saved from its most inveterate, and its most universal form of sin.

II. It stands, secondly, for the physical advancement of the human race. It proclaims the eternal and unalterable law—*Thou shalt be clean and pure or thou shalt die.*

III. It stands, thirdly, for the Religion of Mankind, without regard to sect or theology. The religious creed which does not include personal purity, as one of the essentials, is a gross libel upon religion and an insult to God and man. One of the standards by which church life and religious teaching must be tested, rests upon the moral element of purity. Whatever creed may be propounded, it is fundamentally and eternally true, that only "the pure in heart shall see God."

The appeal and support of this Movement must, therefore, come from every religious society claiming to have any divine sanction, or resting in any way upon the scriptures, whether of the old or new, or both Testaments. If there is any one platform of reform upon which a Parliament of Religions can stand, in absolute agreement, it is that which makes supreme demand upon the one fact, that the Creator has endowed mankind with the control of his own re-creative force for the perpetuation of the race, in the loftiest enjoyment of pure love and happiness.

The problem of evil confronted presents colossal difficulties peculiar to itself. Every human soul that enters this warfare must wear a polished armor of truth and be protected with a shield of faith and purity. We have no place in our platform for the dogma of necessity. We will not admit the necessity of vice. With a searching realization of the giant forces of moral depravity, organized and accidental, we yet believe in the possible redemption of humanity; and we hold up the flag of purity as our ensign of hope and our signal of endeavor.

Every church and every organized agency seeking the moral advancement of our people and of the world at large should be present at this conference through delegates or representatives. It ought not to be necessary to name them. Let each society that claims to have any interest in this great cause see that it is represented. The chairman of the Chicago committee is the Rev. W. Burgess, 6822 South Park avenue, and he will be glad to give all information possible on the matter and will send programs when ready to every inquirer.

W. Burgess.

Beautiful America for Children

EXTRACTS FROM A RECENT ADDRESS BY MR. J. HORACE M'FARLAND, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN CIVIC ASSOCIATION.

I think every child, except those who live in cities that have no parks or playgrounds, knows just what sort of a beautiful America will suit the children. Grass to roll upon; dandelions to pick, with long pipes of stems to make hose with; violets and daisies coming with and after the dandelions, and other flowers to look at but not to take; trees to shade big enough to hide behind and play; a pond to wade in, to sail little boats upon; a tennis court, a baseball diamond, a football field—all these belong to Beautiful America for children. And this much of Beautiful America must be near enough to all the children's homes to reach every day before school and after school, and on holidays.

Holidays—I forgot about the picnics that belong to

the holidays, when we want to go on a longer walk into the woods, where the squirrels and the rabbits live, and birds nest and sing in the trees, while we look and listen, and eat the lunch spread out on the grass or the last year's leaves.

This sort of Beautiful America for children, as I have said, ought to be near our homes, whether we live in big towns or little towns, or in the real country, which is for the most part Beautiful America anyway—but not always!

Now, when Columbus sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to that island in the Bahamas—down near our State of Florida—which came then to be called San Salvador, but is now plain "Cat" Island, the great America close by had no cities or farms, no factories or houses. The Indians lived there, in tents or "wigwams," and America was surely beautiful, even if it was wild, and it was clean—fit to live in, work in, and play in.

Is it clean now? Any boy or girl who reads this can easily answer about that! Dirty yards in the towns, dirty streets, dirty corners! Many dirty houses and more dirty factories, dirty rivers, and even dirty snow in the winter, when the smoke from the factories sticks to it.

The real country is only a little better, I fear, for there are dirty stables and barnyards, nasty pig-pens and home yards, shut-up and smelly houses.

Are these dirty cities and country places fit to really live in or play in? I think not. Men and women, as well as boys and girls, do better work and have the fun that belongs to them in the clean, brighter places. The real Beautiful America would be a good place for clean towns and the right kind of factories, and clean streets would make cleaner business, too!

It isn't telling a secret to the boys and girls to say that the pigs are not really fond of a nasty pen. If they have a chance they will clean themselves, and they live in dirt only because they must, to live at all. So, having a really Beautiful America means giving the pigs a chance to be clean!

Most of the dirt is made a little at a time—one tin can on the dump, one paper in the street. That is, each thoughtless person helps to make America dirty. If the children—the boys and girls who will in a few years be the men and women of the country, would do a little toward cleaning up, we would soon be all stirred up about it, and America would get beautiful again.

Each girl can try for a cleaner place about the home. Each boy can help keep the stuff off the street. Many of the children can easily induce their parents to plant some vines or flowers and it would be nice to have one tree planted each year by each child, or for each child.

The boys and girls can ask their fathers, too, who have votes, to try to have the streets made cleaner, and to try also to have parks and playgrounds for both big and little Americans. All these things require votes, and the boys in a few years are the men who vote. These same boys become the officials of our cities and towns, and some of them are sent to the Legislature and to Congress at Washington.

All my message to these children, then, is to get them to do two things. First, to clean up, and keep clean, about the home and school; pick up papers and boxes on the street; take care of green growing trees and plants, and have some flowers of your own, if possible. Second, to talk about it to each other, and to your parents and home people, trying to get them to help. Do this, and you will be helping much toward a beautiful America for children and all the rest.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Story of Chicago's Shop-Meeting Campaign

BY REV. CHAS. STELZLE, SUPERINTENDENT PRESBYTERIAN DEPARTMENT OF CHURCH AND LABOR.

"This is the gospel of Labor—
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose he planted
Here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest,
But the blessing of earth is toil."

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

A good many people had been saying that the church and the preachers could not "make good" in the matter of preaching to workingmen in the shops. I knew that these people were mistaken. All that the preachers needed was a chance. If the churches and the preachers could not appeal to workingmen, and if they had no message for them, then, it seemed to me, they might better surrender to an outside organization. But that time has not yet come, for the noonday shop campaign just concluded by the Chicago churches has demonstrated that, however others may have succeeded, the church need not fail.

About three hundred meetings were held during ten consecutive days, omitting Sunday, in one hundred and ten different centers. They were attended by nearly one hundred thousand workingmen. Fifty thousand souvenir programs and thirty thousand gospels in various languages were distributed. The entire campaign cost over one thousand dollars, although more than one-half of this amount was spent for cornetists.

Besides the ministers, a large force of laymen assisted in the meetings as soloists, leaders of singing, organists, distributers of programs and Gospels, gramophone operators, and personal workers. All of these gave their services gratuitously. Indeed, no one connected with the campaign was paid for his services excepting the professional musicians.

HOW THE EMPLOYERS TOOK IT.

Personal letters were sent to every shop owner in the city employing over one hundred men, requesting that permission be granted the committee to conduct meetings in their plants. Many responded favorably without further solicitation. Others required a personal interview by men who were especially gifted in meeting objections of the kind offered. After the plan of campaign had been carefully explained permission was granted in almost every instance.

Interviewer number one was followed by a practical man who was familiar with the details of the meeting. It was his task to select the most suitable place in the factory, or outside the factory, as it sometimes happened; find out how many men were employed and of what nationalities they consisted; how these men were scattered throughout the plant, and secure such other detailed information as only a personal visit could give.

As fast as the lists of favorable factories came to the office they were entered upon a large diagram with square spaces for each point, in which were indicated the name of the speaker and his assistants, and such other information as was essential, in order to be sure that the many minor details would not be overlooked, such as the sending of advertising matter and supplies of various kinds. One could tell by a glance at this chart just how many meetings were to be held on a particular day, where these meetings were to be held, and everything else that it was necessary to have at easy command, at a moment's notice.

Another chart gave the names of the preachers and the days upon which they had volunteered to speak. A similar chart was used for the other assistants, which also indicated the kind of service which they could render.

Printed notices of a uniform size—fourteen by twenty-two inches—were posted in the shops two days before the meeting was held.

On the appointed day, promptly at noon, the cornetist took his station at the meeting-place, and just as soon as the whistle ceased its shriek he began playing as the men filed out or sat down to eat their lunches. It was good music, too. I do not mean by that it was necessarily of the kind that is known as "sacred" music, because it wasn't always. Sometimes it was a "rag-time" selection or some other tune that was familiar to the crowd, which, perhaps, they had first heard at the theater or in the saloon. But whatever the tune, it was played well, for every cornetist was a professional and understood his business. It was the chief function of the cornetists to get the crowd, and they usually succeeded.

While the cornetists played the other workers distributed the four-page souvenir programs. On the front page was printed that portion of Henry Van Dyke's poem, "The Toiling of Felix," which appears at the beginning of this article. The second page contained five selected hymns. These were followed by the reproduction of a tract entitled "Friend, you need to be saved," written by Dr. Torrey and issued by the Moody Colportage Association.

Straight Talk to the Men.

The last page contained a greeting to workingmen from the Chicago churches. It read as follows:

"The churches of Chicago have a message for the workingman. That is why we come to you in these shop meetings. There is no other reason for our coming. In social life it is customary to return another's call. May we not expect you to call on us? We assure you of a welcome in our church homes.

"But there is another reason as to why you should go to church. Some of you have children. Your children are watching you. They believe that you are the best men in all the world and that what you do must be right. You know how true that was in your own childhood experience. When the awakening comes to your children, as it one day came to you, would it not be more comfortable for you to realize that your example as fathers was such as to lead them toward that institution which, way down in your hearts, you know to be the most uplifting force in human society?

"Your wives need your help in training those children for God and for righteousness. It is hardly a square deal to thrust upon our wives all of the responsibility in this matter.

"You need the church for your own sakes. Perhaps you are saying that you can lead the Christian life outside the church. That may be true. As a matter of fact, however, you do need the church to live the best kind of a Christian life, and you know it. Why not be honest about it?

"We want not yours, but you. Our business in the world is to help people. We do not pretend that we are blameless, but we do believe that in our churches you will find that sympathy, that fellowship, that hope, that life, which we ourselves found. We want you to have it. More important still, Jesus Christ wants you to have it. Won't you come?"

These programs were eagerly sought by the men, and not one was thrown away after the meetings. Most of them were taken to their homes, where the wife and children received the benefit of whatever good they contained.

Usually the cornetist played ten minutes. He was followed by a vocal soloist, and at 12:15 the speaker began, talking for ten minutes. It was found important to close promptly five minutes before the whistle blew calling the men to work. Rarely was more than half an hour given for the entire luncheon time, so that it was necessary to crowd the entire service into fifteen minutes, aside from the time given to the cornetist. Sometimes the men were urged to sing. In most cases, however, this was not attempted, not only on account of the lack of time, but because it was thought that they were not sufficiently acquainted with the leader. Not always was a Scripture lesson read, nor was prayer offered at every meeting. Neither were the men always urged to give an outward manifestation of their acceptance of Christ. The leaders were guided entirely by circumstances, and their judgment was usually good.

Eagerness for the Gospels.

No one can estimate the good accomplished by the distribution of the Gospels alone. The men were not urged to take them, although they crowded about the speaker and his assistants after each meeting in order to receive copies. Even before the workers left the shop many of them were seen seated in corners, earnestly reading what to some of them must have been a new story.

At the close of each meeting a postal report card was filled out by the speaker and mailed to the office, where the results were systematically tabulated.

As a partial result of the campaign the committee has received seventy-five requests for permanent weekly meetings. These will be distributed among the churches situated nearest the factories desiring meetings. Another happy result is the stirring which has come to preachers and lay workers alike as they have seen the possibilities in this form of Christian service.

One of the leading Presbyterian ministers of the city wrote me, in reply to my request that he tell something of his impressions, as follows:

"I was impressed (1) with the willingness and ability of the everyday pastor and layman to do this work. The talking was effective under very trying circumstances at times. (2) The willing hearing men and women gave the preaching, though it may have seemed to them a little out of the ordinary. (3) The hope and new spirit it gave to some of the workers. They felt they were doing something after the manner of the true disciples who were told to 'go.' I felt this myself. (4) It was a great comfort to hundreds of workingmen who as Christians working alongside of swearing, unsaved men, get discouraged with the situation that no one seems trying to relieve. (5) That the church has the matter in her hand now. The men are disarmed to considerable extent of their old-time prejudices against the church and are more ready to give her a hearing than before. She must follow up her gains. (6) The Bible in all languages *must* be given the people of Chicago. They want it. They will take it and read it. The results will appear small, perhaps, but certain. (7) Some permanency must be given the effort after shop work. It is a call we can not refuse to heed."

Another wrote: "In response to your letter I am glad to say that the impression made upon me by the effort to reach the men of the factories has been really profound, not so much so by reason of what has already been accomplished—though that has more than repaid every effort put forth, I am sure—but especially by the open door that has been set before the church of this city.

A Strange Scene for Packingtown.

A presiding elder in the Methodist church attended a stock yards meeting. He had this to say with reference to it: "It was a strange and thrilling sight. All faces were upturned and all eyes were fixed on the speaker. The conduct was superb. The meeting was a pronounced success. We left the place with our hearts all aglow and with 'Praise the Lord' on our lips that the gospel message was being heard in the 'highways and hedges' as in days of yore."

One of the dailies reported the meeting as follows: "More than four hundred men stood silent, intense, in the great slaughter room. It was noontime and they had gathered to hear the Rev. D. C. Milner of Logan Square Church urge them to salvation. The meeting was one of a series for workingmen. Many wore their blood-stained aprons; many had only the moment before laid away the long knives used in their trade, but among them were faces which showed where tears had trickled down under the influence of the speaker's words. 'Now, all you join me in "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Sing, every one of you.' And sing they did. The old hymn rang forth from the husky throats of the men as it has seldom rung before. When it was all over they crowded around the man who had thus aroused them and pressed their red-splotched hands into his white ones. One poor fellow sobbed aloud. 'The nurse sang that song at her bedside. My little girl died two weeks ago,' he said. That was all, but those who heard him understood, and they were silent."

Cordial letters of approval from shop owners and superintendents might be multiplied, indicating that the work appealed to their sane business judgment, although most of them appreciated the great moral value of the movement.

Other cities, hearing of the success of the meetings, have already taken up the work.

I know of no better way to reach workingmen for Christ than through shop meetings.

Perhaps it is because the grime on his face serves as a mask to his emotions, or because he feels more comfortable in his overalls than he does when he is "dressed up." Possibly he thinks that he has the leader at a disadvantage because he is in strange and unfamiliar surroundings. Or it may be that he feels more secure because he is surrounded by his shopmates. The minister may look a little different to him perched on top of a machine tool or a packing box than when he stands in his pulpit on Sundays. It is barely possible that it is because the preacher gets away from ecclesiastical expressions and that the "holy tone" has been left in the church. No doubt he is impressed by the fact that the minister is in dead earnest or else he would not come down to speak to him in his shop. Anyway, for some reason, it is comparatively easy to approach the workingman in the shop in which he is daily employed.

It is considered quite an accomplishment in some churches if one succeeeds in getting a dozen workingmen into the Sunday-school for the study of the Bible, even though practically every one is a professing Christian. The class is considered of sufficient important to warrant one in spending a great deal of time in preparation for the Sunday session.

But here is an opportunity for reaching many more men, and men who rarely if ever go to any church.

I need hardly mention the importance of such work. If the workingman does not go to church we must take the gospel to him. On this point there is absolutely no room for argument. It is simply a question of method. Other methods may be employed with good results at various seasons of the year, but it has been demonstrated that the shop meeting is one of the best methods at any time of the year.—*From the S. S. Times.*

THE STUDY TABLE

One of the most important as well as one of the most difficult enterprises of present Biblical scholarship is the popular narration of apostolic history. As far as the Old Testament is concerned the results of historical criticism have been put into a simple literature, which is rapidly increasing. The common impression is that the next step is the problem of Jesus. We believe, however, that this is not the logical line of advance. Before there can be any historical approach to the story of Jesus, we must have clearly in mind the sequences of apostolic history and the nature of those immediate influences in which the gospel writers did their work. The data for such history is much more complete than that for the life of Jesus. When our knowledge of the apostolic age and the Old Testament period are completer we shall have important testimony toward an apprehension of the connecting epoch.

But apostolic history is a difficult chapter to clarify for the popular reader. To guide the student, unskilled in the art of historical research, between the Scylla of a bland unconcern about the real facts and the Charybdis of inextricable historical perplexities, is no mean task. The problem of such study consists, partly, in the fact that every reader has also the original sources in hand and, although without historical training, he insists on being able to see why the historian has treated these sources as he has. This makes necessary a clarity and perspicuity of writing which is not necessary in other departments of history.

It is because Dr. Ropes has performed this hard task so well in his Lowell lectures that it is a special pleasure to call attention to the resulting volume.* The titles of the nine chapters strike the main centers of the apostolic movement with special felicity and around these the story is gathered. In its main outlines the book follows the views held by Dr. McGiffert. It has, however, its individuality; is briefer, and in other respects is better adapted to the ordinary lay reader. The book will inevitably receive the commiseration of the Von Mauer school, but, on the other hand, the last chapter consists of an outline of the past and present geography of criticism written with excellent simplicity and open-mindedness, and it leaves the reader in possession of a bird's-eye view of the whole field, with some brief description of the various workers and their different attitudes. Criticism is superfluous and must be subjective. We feel that Dr. Ropes has understated the apostolic opposition to Paul, that the question of the Lukan authorship of Acts deserves more careful attention, and that the doctrine of spirit and flesh is far more fundamental to a true appreciation of Pauline theology than the author suggests, and indeed would considerably change the perspective of that particular chapter. But these suggestions are by the way and subordinate to a hearty approval of the book for popular usage.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL.

Beloit College.

*The Apostolic Age. Prof. Jas. H. Ropes. Scribners. New York City.

Book Notes

"The Third Power" reaches me from the publisher, J. A. Everitt, of Indianapolis. The book is printed on very cheap paper, but I think the logic is of about the same grade as the paper. The intention is to induce at least one million farmers to hold back their crops so as to affect prices. The book is dedicated to what is termed "the most dependent class, the hardest working class, the poorest paid class of people in the world—the farmers." This premise is simply nonsense. The best place to make a good living is on a farm—a small one, and cultivated up to the handle. I am a farmer myself, and detest this twaddle. Nor do I believe that any organization of farmers can hold back their crops from market, at the dictation of a Head Center, boss, or whatever you choose to call it. Most of us sell our crops pretty soon after gathering, and as a rule those who hang on the longest are the worst off. But if one million farmers did hold their wheat or corn, and then dumped it on the market in a bunch, prices would go to the dogs. On the whole we need more common sense, educated common sense, and less of this hifalutin' talk. The book is sold for 25 cents, and it advertises a paper published at 50 cents a year, called the *Up-to-Date Farmer*. This paper is the official organ of a society, of which Mr. Everitt is author and publisher.

From Macmillan I receive a book called "The Logic of Vegetarianism," published by Geo. Bell & Sons, of London. The book is a rambling, abusive affair, and ought not to bear the imprint of the Macmillans, or even be sent out under their prestige. It is written by Henry S. Salt, whose vegetarianism has not kept him from being very pugnacious. Still I am almost a vegetarian myself, and my family are nearly all entirely vegetarian. I believe that two meals a day, of well cooked cereals, nuts, vegetables, with eggs, is quite enough to keep the body in repair, and the mind clear, into old age.

"From a College Window," by Arthur Christopher Benson, comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. You remember what I had to say of "The Upton Letters," by this same author. This book seems to be fully equal to its predecessor, and both of them are absolute *indispensibles* to a thinking scholar. I place the two among the best half-dozen volumes of essays published during the last ten years. E. P. POWELL.

Removing the Tax from "Denatured" Alcohol

Alcohol upon which tax has been paid in this country may be purchased by one complying with certain restrictions, varying with the locality, and used for any purpose the purchaser sees fit. It has been well shown by Chief Chemist Wiley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, that much of the so-called Scotch and other whiskeys are made in our country from this "rectified spirits of wine." Our topic has not to do with the matter of prohibition and the moral or physiologic side of the alcohol question or the sophistication of alcoholic beverages, but is concerned with what has been incorrectly termed "duty-free alcohol," and the recent legislation enacted by the United States Congress, which was advocated by many temperance people. This law, which does not become effective until January 1, 1907, essentially allows the manufacture or withdrawal of alcohol free from tax after it has been "denatured," or rendered unfit for a beverage. It is of great importance and will be far-reaching in its effect.

Mr. Mason, the United States consul-general at Berlin, has said that "the enactment of laws covering all uses of alcohol in 1887 (by Germany) was an example of intelligent and far-seeing fiscal legislation." The German farmers at that time felt the effects severely of competition with the cheaper grown cereals of the United States, Argentina and Australia. The making of alcohol for technical purposes as cheaply as possible saved to Germany the profits of Teutonic husbandry. Particularly was it beneficial to those on the eastern border, where the land is poor but suitable for the growing of potatoes, from which much of the commercial alcohol is made.

—From "Free Alcohol in the Arts and as Fuel," by Charles Baskerville, Ph.D., F.C.S., in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for August.

The best cure for worry is faith in God.—Sel.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Sage Will.

The death of Russell Sage caused scarcely a ripple either on 'change or in wider circles. No one was shocked or profoundly moved. Of far more interest to the general public than his demise was speculation as to the contents of his will, which became public property on the 27th ult. In a concise document of a few hundred words only, quite in contrast with Marshall Field's last testament, Mr. Sage devises his tens of millions to his wife solely and absolutely, with the exception of a few bequests on the side of $25,000 each to his collateral relatives, any one of whom is to be cut off if he contests the will. It seems to be generally accepted that Mrs. Sage will use the great bulk of the fortune in founding or endowing large charitable enterprises. She is known to be charitably inclined and of good judgment in the distribution of money, qualities which Mr. Sage himself either did not possess or refused to recognize as a part of his own nature. Possibly Mr. Sage felt grimly that the eternal fitness of things demanded that he die as he had lived, an exemplification of the negative side of the positive doctrine of the blessedness of giving. If so, he certainly *died* up to his reputation. If we ask for anything extenuating in the man's career it must be in the thought that he intended, indirectly though freely, to do large humane things, but chose to do them through the agency of his wife, whose qualifications for such work he clearly saw were superior to his own.

The Sage Heirs.

Mrs. Sage has troubles ahead in the matter of her husband's fortune. Aside from the ordinary probate delays, suits are to be brought, so it is authoritatively announced, by certain disgruntled heirs to set aside the will. Individually or in combination they propose to take advantage of the law which compels the courts to recognize any claim, however slight, made by any relative against a deceased person's estate. Their purpose is nefarious obviously, in the light of past workings of the law, for they coldly calculate that at her advanced age Mrs. Sage, rather than subject herself to the annoyance of protracted litigation, which might drag along until her death and debar her forever from carrying out her philanthropic ideas, will probably prefer to buy off the contestants at their price. This highly unbecoming state of affairs is perhaps only what might be expected when one contemplates the narrow views of life which Mr. Sage held. Had he been a man of broad sympathies, generous impulses and still more generous deeds toward his own and toward society, his death might have spared us both the disgusting spectacle of his own kith and kin engaged in a wild scramble for a few crumbs from the golden loaf, and the fleeting mirage of splendid charities unfounded, an honored and lasting name unrecorded, and good works that will not follow him. Russell Sage's debt was not to his will-chasing relations, whose flimsy claims are based solely on time-honored, legal precedents, but to society and the economic conditions that suffered him always to absorb and never to radiate. Society, or the state, he should have rewarded. His relatives should take what he gave them and be duly grateful.

Corey Divorce.

That part of human society that wears its moral robes so loosely that they drop off without effort when it suits the wearer's convenience, will welcome to its ranks the president of our largest industrial corporation. Respectability throughout the country unites in the most scathing denunciation of the steel magnate Corey, whose wife, the wife of his youth and struggling years, has just been granted a divorce by the Nevada courts on the ground of desertion. That Corey desired to be "free," and that he deliberately caused to be set in motion the legal machinery that has effected the separation are facts brought out in the suit. Corey's reasons for seeking freedom from conjugal ties are matters of inference and require no comment. Pecuniary and commercial success has addled his moral sense. He has elected to repudiate the most sacred vows that a man can assume. He has chosen the Sybaritic path, that has unmanned so many who could not bear sudden riches. He has made his name a reproach. He has not been equal to the moral strain of great responsibilities. The assumption that a business man can be bankrupt in virtue, can sully his personal honor, can leave his own son a heritage of dishonor and shame, and still be considered a man of integrity in the commercial world, trusted and respected, is not in accordance with that ineradicable sentiment to be found in the heart of the people, that whatever taints the sanctity of the home taints the individual's every point of contact with life.

Reflections.

Grave reflections are generated by the recent prominence given to the affairs of several of our ultra-rich, both living and dead. Chief among these reflections is the significance of the cloud on the social horizon, no longer as small as a man's hand, betokening an inevitable readjustment of the existing economic cosmos. Whether a new cosmos can develop peacefully, without the intermediate chaotic stage, depends upon society's power of adaptation and willingness to yield gracefully to the pressure of events. Another morsel of reflection is the ease with which a camel ambulates through a needle's eye as compared with a Croesus' endeavor to reach a haven of peace for his soul.

The Zion Commune.

Small religious monarchies, communistic in character, dominated by the personal magnetism of a single leader, have outlasted as a rule secular attempts of the same sort. But they all go, somehow or other, and new prophets arise who can always find a temporary following out of human flotsam and jetsam. The passing of Dowie is in its secondary stage. It has been hastened by Judge Landis' decision that Zion property belongs not to the former General Overseer, but to his following, and by the appointment of a receiver to care for Zion's material interests pending the election by popular vote of a new overseer. This infusion of democratic principles into the veins of a "monohippic" social and religious experiment will make the tertiary stage of Dowie's passing a thing of interest. For the present we are to witness the anomaly of the state directly controlling and regulating a schism-smitten hierarchy, which is not as bad as it sounds, for the court is merely safeguarding property rights and not passing upon theological or ecclesiastical questions. It goes without saying that the new overseer to be chosen in September will not take the famous Dowie oath of allegiance, so severely and justly censured by Judge Landis, which is wholly un-American in that it puts loyalty to an individual or an organization above family obligations and fealty to the nation.

The Great Revolution.

The royal dissolution of the Russian Parliament plunges the empire into the inevitable conflict between the oligarchy and the popular will. Revolution is rife. The masses are no longer dormant. Disaffection is spreading rapidly throughout the bureaucracy's right arm, the military. Reports of uprisings that are more than sporadic are sifting daily through the censorship. Bloodshed, disorder, strikes, turmoil and riotings characterize what is likely to be the last stage of autocracy in Russia. It seems to be too late for any compromise. Time was when Nicholas might have "saved his face" and his crown had his sagacity been equal to his opportunity. His repressive measures and executions must now be on an enormous scale if the rebellion is to be crushed. He has neither men nor means to carry them out. The world is amazed at the apparent lack of discernment on the part of the Ruler of all the Russias. If he escapes the assassin possibly he may some day ponder over his exhibition of weakness and flexibility, in blinding his eyes to the inalienable rights of man, and bending like a reed to every bureaucratic wind that blew. "La Duma est morte! Vive la Duma!"

P. S. W.

Glances from the Watch Tower.

More troops are requested from the Philippines. This should make campaign material for somebody.

It is reported from London that the speed limit for automobiles will be removed. Henceforth, if true, London will be the Mecca for fast and furious drivers of autos.

Tea has been declared a poison by an eminent London physician. If this statement will in the least restrain intemperance in tea drinking it will perform good service.

France will try a substantial income tax to replenish a depleted treasury. It is now probable that the rumors of Mr. Rockefeller's settling in France are entirely without foundation.

His Highness, the Maharajah Gackwar, of Baroda, has sailed, leaving behind two remarks. He asserted that American women are not beautiful and that the surface of the United States is too flat. Out of these two assertions the Maharajah was mistaken only twice.

The text book system in the Chicago public schools is causing much discussion. It is proposed herewith that each child have an individual book, prepared by a special committee, for every course. The suggestion is in accord with some of the absurd ones already made and as practical.

F. A. W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world.

MON.—Lift a man out of life to educate him for life, and you run the risk that you will never get him back into life.

TUES.—If you want things done, call a busy man—the man of leisure has no time.

WED.—Must there not come a time, if we grow in mentality and spirit, when we shall cease to differentiate and quit calling some work secular and some sacred?

THURS.—The first requisite in education shall be to the end that the individual shall earn his own living.

FRI.—All strong men begin by worshiping at a shrine, and if they continue to grow they shift their allegiance until they know only one altar, and that is the Ideal which dwells in their own heart.

SAT.—It is only a very great man—one with prophetic vision—who can see beyond the stage in which he is.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Home Acres

A sense of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing things;
Waving of blossom, blade and wings;
Perfume and beauty everywhere;
Sky, trees, the grass, the very loam—
I love them all; this is our home.

God! make me worthy of Thy land
Which mine I call a little while;
This meadow where the sunset's smile
Falls like a blessing from Thy hand,
And where the river singing runs
'Neath wintry skies and summer suns!

Million on million years have sped
To frame green fields and bowering hills;
The mortal for a moment tills
His span of earth, then is he dead;
This knows he well, yet doth he hold
His paradise like miser's gold.

I would be nobler than to clutch
My little world with gloating grasp.
Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
Or let me hold it not so much
For my own joy as for the good
Of all the gentle brotherhood.

And as the seasons move in mirth
Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
May my calm spirit rise from grief,
In solace of the lovely earth;
And though the land be dark or lit,
Oh, let me gather songs from it.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Thus we have all a cure of souls.

Every man is a center of perpetual radiation like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port! Every man is a priest, even involuntarily; his conduct is an unspoken sermon, which is forever preaching to others—but there are priests of Baal, of Moloch, and of all the false gods. Such is the high importance of example. Thence comes the terrible responsibility which weighs upon us all. An evil example is a spiritual poison; it is the proclamation of a sacrilegious faith, of an impure God. Sin would be only an evil for him who commits it were it not a crime towards the weak brethren whom it corrupts. Therefore it has been said: "It were better for a man not to have been born than to offend one of these little ones."—*Henri Frederic Amiel.*

The True Life

"Is life worth living?" asks the cynic sage.
That hangs upon the question, What is life?
To breathe, to eat, and sleep, or in vain strife
With Nature's laws a hopeless war to wage,
And reap unrest and pain from youth to age—
This is not life, but death. He only lives
Who from the heart's full fountain freely gives
And takes as freely Love's large heritage.
Who saves his life shall lose it; and the prize
If gained is not worth having. He who dies
For God and truth and lost humanity,
Scorning delights to live laborious days,
Shall win, not wealth nor place nor human praise,
But life, indeed, and immortality.

—*H. M. Goodwin.*

Materially we must strive to secure a broader economic opportunity for all men, so that each shall have a better chance to show the stuff of which he is made. Spiritually and ethically we must strive to bring about clean living and right thinking.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Don't Be Discouraged

Have you apparently failed? Not a bit of it; let no such word as fail be in your vocabulary.

What if you have stumbled at times in your life—made mistakes, lost money and been called a "failure" by your alleged friends. The failures, if they were such, were merely episodes, incidents in the play—not the whole of life's drama. No one man has a monopoly on the failing business. "There are others"—others who have rounded their lives with glorious success, who once failed more miserably than you.

So "brace up!" If you have health and hope, an optimistic, cheerful disposition and a determination to succeed, to do the best you can, you *will* succeed. If you can really believe this, and make your belief a knowledge, as it were, a real and living factor of your life, there are no limits to your progress. Not even age can hold you back. The fact is the average man does better work than ever after he is fifty. Henry King has observed: "However much men may distinguish themselves before they are fifty-five, they should then be better qualified for better work than they have previously done."

Think of it! No one has outdone Michael Angelo. Humboldt ceased his wonderful work at eighty-five, but we find Angelo reaching further on and touching the verge of ninety.

At seventy-one he drew his design for the rebuilding of St. Peter's and superintended that work until he was eighty-nine years old, when he died. And during the first four years that he gave to the design, which has been a revelation of genius to all who have seen it, he painted his masterpiece, "The Conversion of St. Paul." In the ten years preceding he did "The Martyrdom of St. Paul" and the "Last Judgment." Titian worked longer than Angelo, almost reaching his one hundredth year. At eighty-eight he finished his "Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo."

* * * * *

An enormous list of men could be given who did not fear age and who would not yield to discouragement. They defied both age and failures. They persisted and did their very best, buoyed up by enthusiasm and love of their work.

Don't give up because your hair is turning gray, or because you have failed. "The knell of lost opportunity is never tolled in this life."—*Editorial in The Open Road.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Prophet or Priest?

By Rev. Samuel Raymond Maxwell. A Paper Read at the Graduating Exercises of the Meadville Theological School, June 11, 1906.

Which? The priest claims priority. From the prehistoric clanhead through Babylonians standing upon their staged towers and sacrificing in atonement for the people's sins, through the centuries of the litanies of Egyptian celebrants, through arrogantly infallible Etruscan men, through ministers before the shrines of Greece—(white-robed, barefooted, laurel-crowned if servants of Apollo, or weaving garlands of olive leaves for calm Minerva), through the Roman family head, (who dedicates the slave to the lares of the house), and so on, down in one unbroken line, the priest today can show his descent and prove the antiquity of his great office. And now some say his task is done. In this age of equality all men are ministers of God and are to be so reverenced. As an ideal this is true. Our congregational polity is but upon it. But in practice the priest is still required. If this be the democratic century, it is also the time of specialization. Just as the world demands thorough training in secular pursuits, it demands that a class be set aside for the conduct of its spiritual affairs, a class to which men are admitted by an ordination ceremony after much study—as lawyers are inducted into practice at the bar—a class, too, which is to lead a peculiar life, being consecrate to the special service of God. But is not this the survival of the primitive necessity for some one to speak in a higher name than that of man, making articulate and effective that sentiment of worship which is timidly unexpressive in the mass? The priest has been always an organizer of religion, teaching men to say together, "Our Father, hallowed by thy name!" But now he is more than this—he is a friend who conducts us into the very presence of deity, standing as he does firmly grounded on an idealism centered in the thought of God. It is he who fitly opens our worship, leading us in the confession of our frailties, voicing our supplications in the litany of a loving reliance upon deity. It is he who makes the meditations of conscience vivid, who helps us to cast aside our vulgar self-centeredness, to surrender our ambition in the prayer "Thy will be done," and to offer before the Father the spiritual sacrifice of the heart. He speaks for us in the revered, familiar way and teaches us to echo "Hear us, good Lord!" His is the regular, trustworthy approach to deity which in æsthetic antiphonic rhythm harmonizes the senses until the final "Peace" soothes our contrition. He is our God-inspired comforter. Worship at the start needs such a proper mood of contemplative rapture and practical devotion. It is by such mystical devices that our souls become sensitive to the God around us. As we are thus diverted from the workaday world, the Lord draws nearer to our attentive consciousness. There soon will be recession, but not before the soul has been made tender, awakened once again to its superrational destiny, and has had a true communion with its God. The Protestant minister by his prayers achieves this union for his people as truly as does the Catholic when he elevates the host and brings Christ to the altar. Both are priests, no longer of terror, but of love. Both, by the sweet, long-traveled road, bring men into the forecourt of their heaven. Both serve to counteract the deadening worldliness of daily struggle by keeping uppermost the sense of God. Both prepare men for the coming of the prophet by concentrating human personality upon the thought of its own divinity. Is such a mediator now to be discarded?

The prophet, too, can trace his line back to those who listened to the rustling oaks at Dodona, to the delirious warnings of a Tiresiar, to the Roman augurs with their doves, to the great Buddha with his noble moral code, and to those exalted men of Israel who stood up in righteous protest against the vices of their time—the shepherd Amos, the statesman Isaiah, the exiled Ezekial and the mourning Jeremiah. These later men are his truest predecessors. They stood as he stands now, for an idealism centered in time and man. These have been the independents, who have known men as they might have been—who have revealed to humanity that it is infinite in capacity, the master of events, who have emancipated its individuality and have fired it to act from such a momentary conviction of its godliness. It is these inspired radicals—non-authentic, direct—who have energized mankind's conscience into aggressive activity, who, seizing the critical moment, have cried "Do!" to the human race and it has responded with a great deed. The prophet is filled with vision of the end of man here as a divine agent. He predicts no vague future, but the trend of actual events. He closes his lesson with an authoritative "Thus saith the Lord." He makes a social revelation of his great moral convictions, waking towns and cities by his determined will from their lethargy to the tangible duty before them. He is concrete and immediate, a leader in progress everywhere—in factories, in arts, in government, in hygiene, in ideals, in heavenliness. With such an enthusiasm he rouses the dullards, quickens them to weekday righteousness, helps them to conquer nature and to enter on the higher evolution leading to rational destiny. He is the true reformer. He has today the half-fanatic fervor of the Hebrew prophet. He is the democratic brother of humanity, who shares its common interests and its sympathies, but transcends them all. He is the Christlike innovator. Channing and Theodore Parker were such souls. Said Channing at the ordination of Dwight: "My brother, help men to see." That is the prophet's cry. "Behold the possibilities within you and around. O friends, become all that you may be!" Surely if the church is again to dominate society—dominate it by no other force than righteousness—it shall be by virtue of her fellowship of prophets, her wholly honest, sane-minded, optimistic, active men, and by the absolute reality of their every pulpit utterance. The graceful essay, the non-committal reverie, the denunciations of the defenseless past shall cease. Her preachers shall be fearless before the men they would make bold. They shall do the things they teach. The church shall put her shoulder to the more prosaic task of life and help uplift men from underneath. No longer shall she be a lonely watcher from above. She shall climb with common men on their march to God. Is such a prophetism now worthless?

The priest, then, has prayed. The people have been calmed into a holy receptivity. The prophet has made his ethical appeal. The people have been roused to a new determination. The priest returns and offers thanks to God for such awakening. The people close their worship with a solemn, joyful consecration to what is divine. The service of the church is closed. Once more humanity is saved. Once more humanity is reborn into higher being. One spiral is complete in the coursing upward path of man to deity. "Love to God," the priest has chanted. "Love to Man," the prophet cried for God. So were the "worship of God" and "the service of man" blended in the last thanksgiving. Can either man be spared—the mystic priest or the prophet of the practical? Must not one each be the priest, a man apart, meditative, a holy worshiper who shall bring God's comfortings to men? Must not we each be the prophet, who from his summit of vision discovers the way and then descends to help his brothers mount thereon—a man who lives with men for men? Such a priestly-prophet order is a free profession, not a caste of human origin, but an election which every man called

by God must feel. It is not a place for haughtiness, but one for deep humility. In the face of the opportunities my office brings me I feel my awful feebleness and pray for strength. If I fulfill the inner vows I make to God I know I shall be true priest and true prophet, and, being both, be the true pastor, an apostle of our High Priest and noblest Prophet, Jesus Christ. I know the church can prosper with no service less complete. God grant to you and to me that through our manhood and our divinity his church may be made supreme.—*From the New Unitarian.*

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